

A photograph of a dining room. In the foreground, a dark wooden chair with a curved back is positioned on the left. To its right is a dark wooden table. On the table, there is a clear glass bottle with an orange cap. In the background, a white radiator is visible, partially covered by a white lace tablecloth. The floor is made of light-colored stone tiles. The text "You Move Me" is overlaid on the image in a white, sans-serif font. The word "You" is on the left, "Move" is in the middle, and "Me" is on the right. A blue line is drawn under "You" and another blue line is drawn under "Me".

# You Move Me

A collection of writing to accompany  
the exhibition of You Move Me.

# Contents

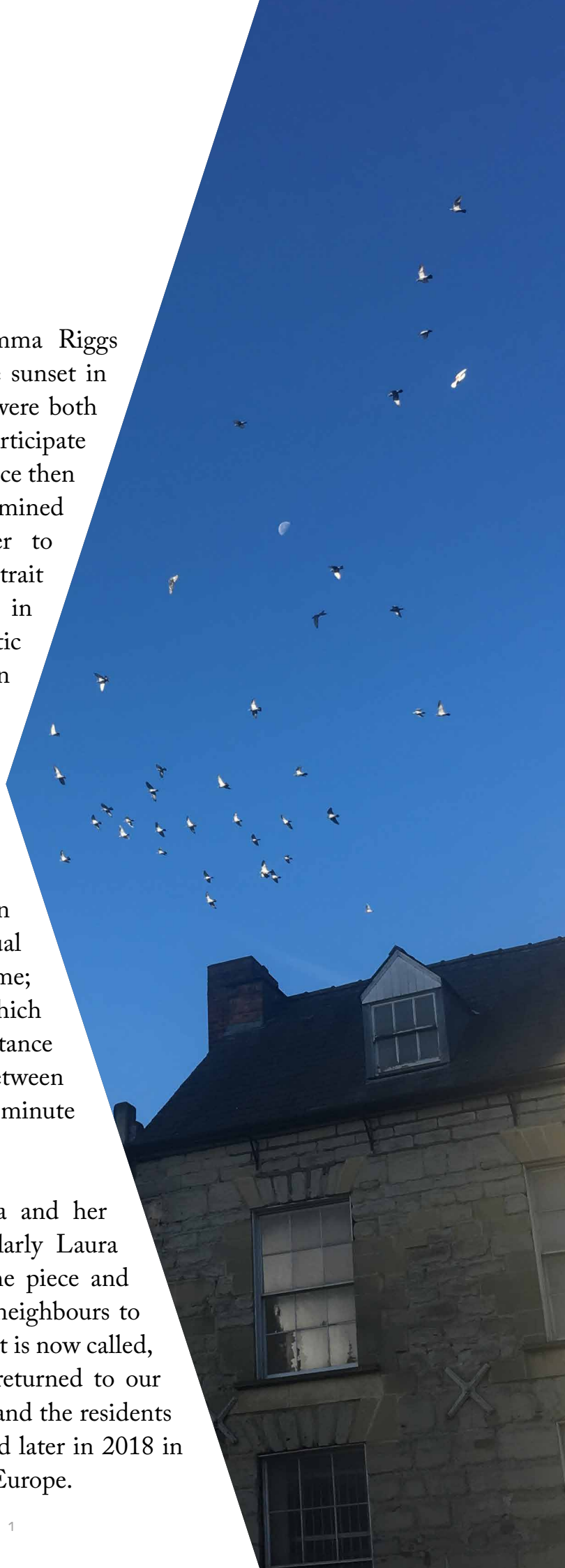
- 1. Foreword
- 3. Context
- 7. You Move Me | *Mary Paterson*
- 12. The Psychology of Being In Sync | *Jorina von Zimmermann*
- 16. The Power of Proximity | *Susan Ryland*
- 20. Notes | *Laura Murphy*
- 23. To Find | *Ikran Abdille*
- 25. A manifesto for an everyday dance | *Gemma Riggs*
- 27. TU įkvepi mane / You Move Me | *Benedikta McSharry*
- 32. Biographies
- 33. Credits & Thanks


# Foreword

*Catherine Hemelryk*

I first met the artist and filmmaker Gemma Riggs on a day with a spectacular ruby and purple sunset in Lithuania right on the Latvian border. We were both there at the invitation of Sarah Mitrikè to participate in the first Žagarė Fringe Festival in 2014. Since then I kept abreast of Gemma's practice, determined to find the right moment to invite her to Northampton. Whilst preparing *The Portrait Year* at NN, Gemma sent a link to a piece in development with the working title of *Domestic Choreographies* made during a residency in Romania with dancer / choreographer Laura Murphy. The micro site showed four screens: four people sitting doing nothing, then, on an inaudible beat, all crossed their legs. Pause. Another imperceptible cue and casually but deliberately, all looked to the left. The stillness and ease of each protagonist in their own home combined with their casual but clearly deliberate movement captivated me; I wanted to see what they would do next, which understated gesture would gain an importance through its magnification as I oscillated between noticing the synchronicity and each minute idiosyncrasy belonging to each individual.

Following the test piece, I invited Gemma and her increasing number of collaborators, particularly Laura Murphy and Melanie Wilson to develop the piece and to come to Northampton to work with our neighbours to become part of the developed iteration of what is now called, *You Move Me*. It feels only right that we returned to our initial meeting place and worked with Sarah and the residents of Žagarė where this project will be presented later in 2018 in this project synchronising across the span of Europe.





My thanks go to Gemma, Melanie and Laura and their collaborators Jorina von Zimmermann, Susan Ryland and Mary Paterson, to the performers, the NN team, volunteers and board, Freddy, Laura, Danielle, Louise, Jim, Billy and Val, Sarah and the Lithuanian Ministry of Culture, to the University of Northampton and the University for the Creative Arts, Canterbury, our funders without whom this project would not be possible and to every participant featuring in You Move Me and who contributed to its development.

Catherine Hemelryk  
Artistic Director, NN Contemporary Art  
June 2018





# You Move Me

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## A context

*By Gemma Riggs*

You Move Me started in Cișmigiu Park in the centre of Bucharest in July 2015. This is where Laura Murphy and I found ourselves working whilst on a residency with ZonaD; an independent Romanian dance platform. The benches that line the paths of Cișmigiu Park are sized for one person only, with wrought iron arms that contain you, individually, as though specifically designed for personal reflection. Seemingly, an invitation to spend time alone in a public space.


We enjoyed the idea of bringing the possibility of a solitary, private experience into the public, and we started to think about taking our work, which until then had mostly focused on the body's interaction with the architecture of public spaces, into the most private of spaces – the home. We began to observe gesture and the movement of the body of people sitting alone in Cișmigiu Park, allowing the development of a new choreography. With the help of our Romanian hosts, we began to make the first version of You Move Me, visiting four people in their Bucharest homes. Through instruction, we invited them to interpret a set of choreographed postures and gestures: precisely timed with a stopwatch. This was the beginning.

In 2017 we received support from Arts Council England, NN Contemporary Art and the University for the Creative Arts to develop You Move Me with two new collaborators; performance maker

and sound artist Melanie Wilson and experimental psychologist Jorina Von Zimmermann. We decided to base it in Northampton, where NN is located, making an open call to invite people of all backgrounds and performance experience to join the project. We started with a weekend of workshops and development, to initiate a collaborative process with whoever turned up: a group of inspiring people whose enthusiasm for what we were doing was encouraging. Together, we made a new choreography for You Move Me and defined its form as seen in our two recent exhibitions. And, most importantly, we were generously invited into our performer's homes to record the new sequences to camera. A wonderful start.

Next - A surprising and joyful development in the project: an opportunity to expand the work internationally and make a connection between two towns in very different corners of Europe. Through an invitation from Sarah Mitrikė and Židrija Janušaitė, the organisers of a young and vibrant arts festival in Žagarė, in northern Lithuania, we were able to travel there to mirror our activities and make a new open call and workshop to record six more moving portraits. This encounter expanded the idea of connection and interrelation so integral to the work, and held particular significance for us in the light of the results of the EU referendum in the UK. We felt it significant to make the work with groups in two different locations in Europe, performing the same movements (with some unique additions and inputs) to be presented together in parallel with each other. Borders diminished, new connections made.



A photograph of a woman with brown hair, wearing a black t-shirt and black pants, sitting on a metal folding chair. She is looking off to the side. In the foreground, the legs and feet of other people are visible, including someone wearing red sneakers. The floor is made of light-colored wooden planks. The background is a plain white wall.

You Move Me was presented in two solo exhibitions in 2018 at NN Contemporary Art, Northampton and the Herbert Read Gallery, Canterbury.

This document is a collection of writing that aims to illustrate the ideas at play in You Move Me. The commissioned writers are Mary Paterson, Susan Ryland and Jorina von Zimmermann, all of whose work and practice resonates strongly with the concepts running through the work. Mary Paterson is a writer, curator and visual artist who responds here by weaving the personal with a suggestion of political. Susan Ryland's writing on metonymy, metaphor and synecdoche brings to life the oppositions of similarity and difference, with particular reference to the multi-screen form. And Jorina Von Zimmerman's fascinating research on social synchrony helps expand on the core idea of unison of movement - from the perspective of experimental psychology. There are also other writings from the project artists and performers.

It has been a real pleasure to work with the expanding number of artists involved in this project, along with the people of Northampton and Žagarė who came to take part in our workshops and become part of the artwork itself. Their enthusiasm, openness and generosity of time and ideas has brought new energy and has formed the fabric of the work. Thank you.

We would like to thank Catherine Hemelryk for her unwavering support as well as the team at NN Contemporary, and thanks to Sarah Mitrikė and Židrija Janušaitė of Žagarė Fringe Festival. Laura and I would also like to give particular thanks to Cosmin Manolescu and Stefania Ferchedau for their support of our practice over the years and their dedication to providing artists with opportunities to develop and grow.









# You Move Me

*Mary Paterson*

You.

Who sits on the other side of the screen, on the other side of Europe, on the other side of the world. You, who is bathed in sunlight, or artificial light, or the dappled light of the afternoon breathing new life through fresh green leaves. You, who is coiled up on a couch or straight backed on a stool or resting one elbow on one knee as you lean into the camera as if you can see straight into my eyes, watching.

I see the extremities of you. I see your hands, twitching. I see your hair, brushed gently by the wind. I see your collar bones rise and fall ever so slightly, a reminder that you must never be completely still.

You, who is somewhere else even though you are here with me.

You, who is some time else even though you are now, with me.

There is more than one of you, arrayed across screens in a waterfall of impossible coincidences.

I run my eyes over your clothes, your face, your blemished skin, your tangled hair, your wrinkles, your bent neck, the beautiful curve of your ankle as it meets your shoe in the tiled space of your father's kitchen.

You bathe in the light of the visible.

You succumb to the tyranny of the seen.

You are under my surveillance.

The magic of the screen is that it makes all other technologies, transparent.  
We all collude in the illusion that what we see is real, as if we could tell the difference between what is real and what is imagined, what is memory and what is fiction, what is the world and what are the scratches of it, crushed into an external drive.

One of you lifts an arm. And so does he. And so does she. And so do I, instinctively. Which is to say, perhaps, imaginatively. Perhaps in a dream or perhaps in a memory.

You, who is always moving. You, who is always available. You, who will never look back.

Do you remember what made you do it?

The words that arrived from a different time, soft of voice, unassuming in nature, filled with just enough space to lose yourself in. Words that fall like leaves, indistinguishable from dreams, from memories, from feelings. Words that made you move, or words that you moved to.

You, who is being watched at all possible times, in all possible places.

Is that still you? Or have you moved on, already? Do you remember what she said? Or do you simply remember how it feels to

Move?

Moving is a contentious issue. Not everyone is allowed to move. Sometimes it's impossible to make a move. Impossible to move one foot, and then the other. Impossible to move the corners of your mouth into a smile. Impossible to move beyond the dreams other people have imagined about the rightful placement of your body. On the edges of Europe, thousands of displaced people move through life, their days and months and years ticking on like grains of rice counted on an outstretched hand. All the while, Europe builds its walls of words, designed to halt their

“movement”

from the Medieval French. Movement, from the Medieval French invasion. Most of our words for war come from that war from another millennium. It fired its arrows made of words and one of them is “skirmish”, another is “combat”, another is “warrior”, another is

“movement”

is the preserve of the free, ergo stasis is the life of the enslaved,  
and also what makes freedom possible. Ergo people who  
won't move to where the free want them to be should be  
sanctioned and disbelieved in one impossible coincidence.  
Move from your home. Move from your temporary home.  
Move from your affordable home. You must be sanctioned  
because you make it look like you're not free. You must be  
disbelieved, because you appear to expect to be

Free

is a relative term, visa-stamped on some people's travel  
documents. Freedom is the child of choice, which is a type  
of free movement. You cannot choose to be free, but if you  
are in a position to choose, then you are in possession of  
freedom. Suppose you have the memory of a movement  
that started across your back. It is not a pleasant memory,  
and it is not a chosen memory, and neither did you choose  
to start to

Move

from danger. Move from what you know. Move into line.  
Move out the way. Move to become smaller. Move as a  
way to hide. Move as a way to forget. Move because you  
are pushed - not asked, not inspired, not propelled, but  
crushed into a hard, cold edge. If this is how you move,  
then you are not

Free

as a dream conjured at dusk and breathed away at dawn.  
Free as a body sensing the world and responding to the  
world and then finding a way to know what it means.  
Suppose you move before you know what it means.  
Suppose you hear a word, recorded from a different  
time, and an instinct filters through your body and a  
feeling shivers itself alive inside your big toe and you  
do something about it. Just like

That

is freedom. That is freedom of movement, that is movement



is freedom is how to be free, that is how to be self, that is what I think it means to be

Me.

Who is the other of you. Me, who is watching you. Me, who was imagined by you, before I could imagine coming into this room filled with the impossible accuracies of your movements, remembered.

Did you think of me, when you felt that shiver inside your toe? Did you think of me, when you lifted one arm and twisted your back and turned your head to face the impassable divide? Did you want me to change?

I am not just my extremities. I am the nerves in my spine. I am the synapses in my brain. I am the words on the tip of my tongue. When I say, "I am", of course, I don't mean I hold myself like a type of possession. I mean I feel myself as a type of sensation. Or, more accurately, all my sensations lead, inevitably, to a dream.

I dream of the things I think I know.

Me, who is imagining you, imagining me.

I see you. I run my eyes over your body as if seeing you is knowing you. I think of you. I imagine you. I imagine you so much you are a part of my own memory. I travel with you, now. Here you are, at all possible times and in all possible places, ready to be re-imagined. I turn you into words. I translate you into gestures. I tell people about you. I think about the noise coming from outside your bedroom door every time I think about family.

One of you lifts an arm. And so does he. And so does she. And so do I, instinctively. Which is to say, perhaps, imaginatively. In ancient Greek the word "sympathy" suggests a kind of vanishing: to sympathise is not just to think of another person but to become them. In modern neuroscience we watch the flashbulbs of the brain light up in sympathy as if an event is really happening. The brain does not distinguish what is real from what is imagined, what is memory from what is fiction, what is the world from what are the echoes of it, moving in an independent body.

Me, who is self-contained and porous skinned. Me, who has a name, an identity and a vantage point. Me, who has a desire to know you. Me, who is not herself, with you.

Is this freedom?

In sympathy, I choose to be moved, at the extremities or in the deep insides.  
In sympathy, I choose to be led. In sympathy, I choose to change.  
You move me. I move with you.

We are moved, together.





# The Psychology of Being in Sync

Jorina von Zimmermann

*“At the heart of the universe is a steady, insistent beat: the sound of cycles in sync. It pervades nature at every scale from the nucleus to the cosmos.”*

Strogatz (2003, p. 1)

When dancers on a stage perform their choreographies in perfect unison, we hold our breaths in fear that one faulty movement could destroy the intricate symmetry between them. To us, the audience, the dancers appear as one, as an entity in which the individual matters only in the context of the whole. Dance is not the only practice in which synchronised movement plays a principal role, but soldiers during military parades march together to the beat of drums, people at festivals jump up and down together at the same time, and thousands of football fans collectively chant and sing to encourage their teams. Sometimes the synchrony emerges spontaneously and automatically, and sometimes it is the outcome of hours and hours of practice. Independent of that, we as the viewers ascribe certain attributes to those in sync. We see them as one, as together, and as socially and emotionally connected.

Throughout human history rituals have always taken place, and very often they involve skillfully coordinated action among groups of individuals, such as chanting, drumming, singing, or dancing. It has long been suggested that human beings possess a fundamental drive to coordinate their actions with the actions of others to increase social connectedness.<sup>1</sup> Human rituals, traditions, and gatherings in which groups of people synchronise their actions, are said to have



an extremely important function for the emergence and maintenance of group cohesion. Émile Durkheim, for example, considered the intense passion and joy generated during ecstatic group rituals as essential to the long-term maintenance of a cohesive group, as natural boundaries are temporarily dissolved and people celebrate with one another joyously, a process he called 'collective effervescence'.

Research at the intersection of psychology and anthropology has indeed shown that rituals significantly increase interpersonal affiliation and that particularly those rituals, which include synchronous behaviour, lead to increased liking and cooperation between people.<sup>2</sup> Experimental psychologists have added further weight to the idea that behavioural coordination between people leads to affiliation and liking and to increased pro-social behaviour. Comparing pairs or small groups of people that are either performing certain actions together and in unison or separately and out of sync with each other, has shown that coordinated behaviour is a vital component of successful social interaction and that it seems to be fundamental to establishing and maintaining social bonds. There is now a substantial amount of empirical evidence that people, who are asked to perform movements in unison, or to chant together, will behave more cooperatively towards each other afterwards, they will like each other more, and they will perceive themselves to be more similar to each other. Behavioural coordination can function as 'social glue' that binds people together.<sup>3</sup>

While the pro-social behavioural effects of synchronisation are now well-established, we know much less about the underlying mechanisms that could explain the relationship between coordination and social bonding. Cognitive psychologists and neuroscientists have, however, offered some insights as to why particularly synchronous behaviour leads to increased feelings of social closeness. Whenever two or more individuals coordinate their actions in space and time, they have to share spatial and social representations, predict each other's actions, and they have to integrate the predicted effects of one's own, and the other's, actions.<sup>4</sup> In cases in which such 'joint action' is characterised by temporal coordination, our brains are thus required to

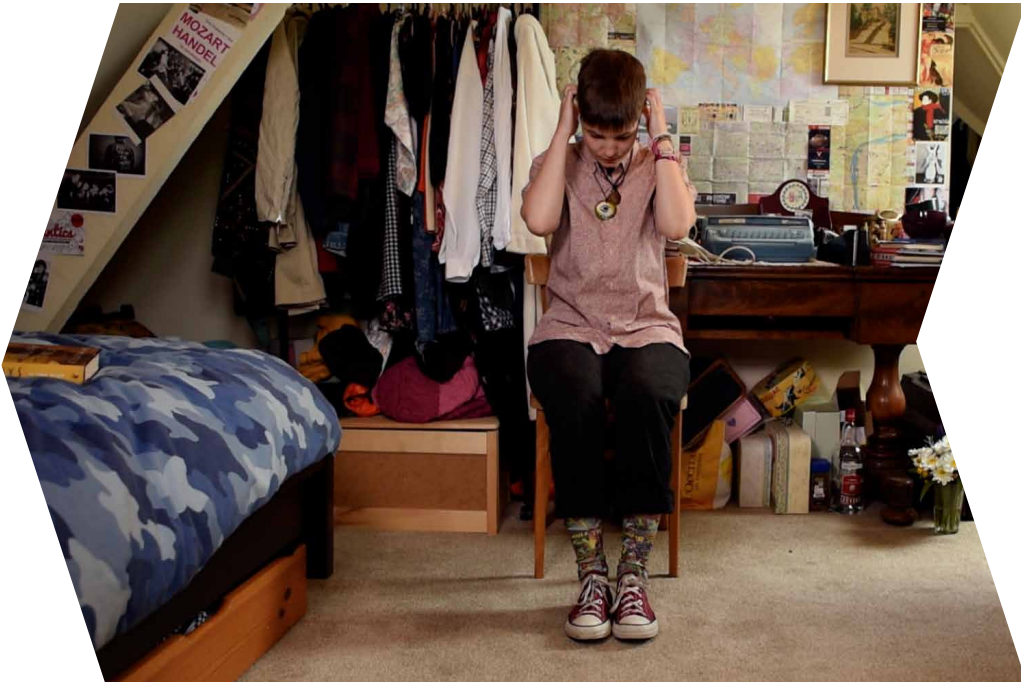
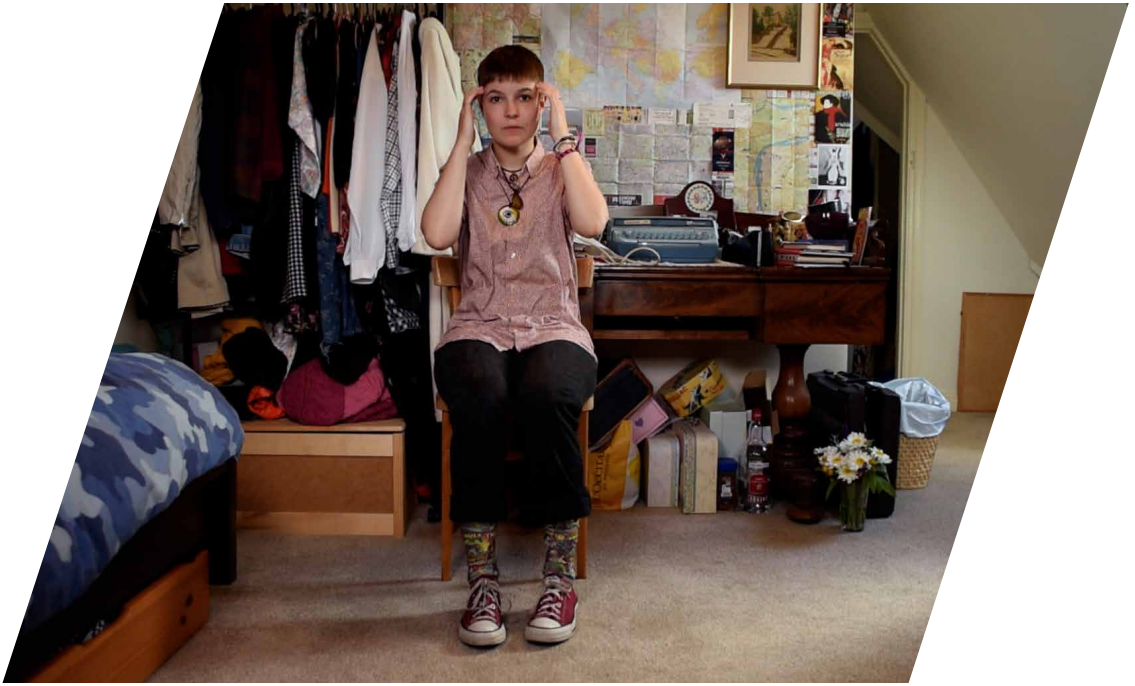
simultaneously represent self- and other-generated actions and to integrate them in real time. This is a challenging task which requires a lot of cognitive effort.

With increasing coordination during social interaction, however, shared representations of a joint action are formed, which improve the ability to predict, anticipate, and adapt to another's movements and behaviour.<sup>5</sup> Thereby coordination can be realised with greater ease and a reduction in brain activity in areas related to cognitive control has been observed in the process.<sup>6</sup> This reduction of activity in cognitive control areas has been found to coincide with an increase in neural activity in brain regions associated with socio-emotional processes, which could explain why synchronisation promotes pro-social thoughts and behaviour. Synchrony seems to be characterised by a state of processing fluency, implying successful social interaction.

Human beings, like other systems and animate beings, such as metronomes, fireflies, or cardiac cells, have a compelling drive to self-organize in synchrony.<sup>7</sup> While fireflies attract mates through synchronous flashing, when people coordinate their actions – willingly or spontaneously – they form a social bond. This bond is often visible. When we observe unison between people, we perceive those in sync as a single entity, as unified and as homogenous. However, the closer we look the more we will realise that even in uniformity there is uniqueness and difference. At the same time, what may seem to be heterogeneous and dissimilar on first sight may actually be characterised by a large degree of coordination and synchrony when considered from afar. Every day synchrony happens between people all over the world even when they are spatially and socially separated. We synchronise our behaviour in such a way that our social communities can function. We may not be aware of it, but together we are engaging in an ongoing and constantly evolving social choreography.

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# The Power of Proximity

*Susan Ryland*

*“Nothing ever exists entirely alone; everything is in relation to everything else.”*

Hindu Prince Gautama Siddharta, founder of Buddhism (563–483 B.C.E.)

Art utilises our brain’s desire to find meaning through the formation of patterns and connections. The kinds of conceptual connections we make determine the meanings that emerge from the artwork.

Traditionally, museums have used taxonomic displays to enable viewers to make comparisons between closely related exhibits. This approach is drawn from science where multiple samples of the same kind of thing (specimens, X-rays, DNA) are routinely placed side-by-side in order to undertake a visual analysis of subtle, yet potentially crucial, differences. Understanding the cognitive mechanisms that occur during close proximity taxonomic comparisons provides artists and their audiences with a ‘tool’ to explore meaning generation in creative thought.

The need for, and value of, close proximity taxonomic comparisons has much to do with how long we can hold a thought in our short-term memory. It is believed that our short-term memory can retain a mere 3-5 units of information for a matter of seconds only.<sup>1</sup> Therefore, the closer together similar items are placed the better able we are to discern subtle differences between them. This is true for all our senses including visual, tactile, auditory (hearing), gustatory (taste), olfactory (smell), vestibular (movement), and proprioceptive (body awareness). In wine tasting, for example, regional wines (say, reds from Burgundy) are sipped in close succession to discern their distinguishing features.

When artists use sets and series of photographs or multi-screen displays with closely related content, they are exploiting proximity in order to reinforce similarities and foreground differences. The cognitive process involved in taxonomic displays is one of cross-referencing and comparison requiring the observer to look back-and-forth between the objects, a process that gradually

reveals multiple meanings in an expanding network of associations. Once the viewer has established the similarities between the constituent parts their attention can shift to the differences between them and these, in turn, open up further layers of meaning.

The terminology used to discuss cognitive mechanisms can be off-putting, not least because mainstream dictionaries have been slow to update their definitions. While metaphor is a fairly familiar term, it is only one cognitive device out of several that we use in order to interact with our environment. Although metaphor and its tropes have been known about for more than two millennia (Aristotle spoke of metaphor aiding “understanding” and “reason”<sup>2</sup>), the dominance of linguistic examples used to explain these thought processes has, over time, caused us to lose sight of how metaphor and its variants utilise all our senses.

Artists frequently seek ambiguity in their work to encourage multiple meanings to emerge across time, contexts and communities. For this reason, metaphor has limitations due to its tendency to control (and thereby limit) the direction of thought, highlighting one thing while hiding another. For example, a common metaphor life is a journey enables us to understand an abstract notion of human life through the more familiar activity of a journey in which there is a beginning, middle and end. What this metaphor conceals is the notion that life can also be conceived as cyclical.

There are two cognitive mechanisms that serve the artist well for meaning expansion: metonymy (pronounced: meh-TON-uh-mee) and synecdoche (Sih-NECK-doh-kee). While their definitions remain a point of academic debate, their distinct functions in thought warrant further attention. Metonymy in creative thought expands meaning around a single domain (or idea) enabling us to shift our attention towards peripheral, often overlooked physical or conceptual elements.

Conversely, metonymy in language is often used to narrow down thinking to convey an idea at speed, such as ‘give me a hand’ (a request for help that might require using one’s hands) which linguists describe as a part-whole or partonomic relationship.

Synecdoche, according to the cognitive linguist Ken-ichi Seto, is a “category related cognitive transfer.”<sup>3</sup> This ‘museum model’ of thought uses a process of taxonomic meaning expansion from a less inclusive category to a more inclusive one (or vice versa).<sup>4</sup> It functions to reinforce

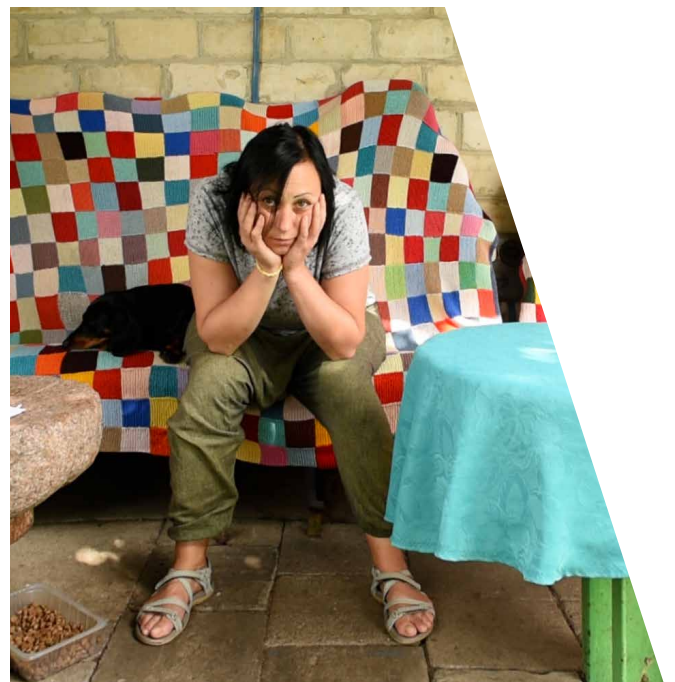
similarities and identify subtle differences between closely related things, raising new questions and information. Both partonomic (metonymic) and taxonomic (synecdochic) meaning expansion in creative thought provide an open, inclusive, non-discriminatory, network approach to meaning generation that allows multiple meanings to exist simultaneously. However, the crucial distinction between these two processes is that only synecdoche (the taxonomic relationship) highlights nuanced differences between similar things.

These issues come into play when we consider how an artwork is displayed. If, for example, a set of images is displayed in a linear format we will attempt to 'read' the work as we would a book, from one end to the other. When we are viewing a multi-screen moving image we have the added expectation of a narrative thread unfolding over time. However, when a multi-screen artwork is displayed in a grid format it invokes a non-hierarchical reading where the eye of the inquiring mind meanders up, down and diagonally across the grid without bias or preference. A single element within this format will only stand out when it is markedly different from the rest.

You Move Me provides a rich environment for the generation of networks of meanings. It conjures thoughts on humanity's complex interconnectivity across geographic, temporal, social, generational and cultural boundaries. As we move with, and around, the artwork, we can celebrate exquisite difference in which everything is in relation to everything else.

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# Notes.

*Laura Murphy*

I notice all the benches, all the seats in the city. The parks are complete with hundreds of places to sit. They are inhabited by men, by women, by children of all ages. They sit as solos and as duets, as trios and sometimes in a group. They all face outwards. They all face the same direction. It is only their heads and torsos, sometimes legs, that angle to the right or left. Their centre of gravity is held down by the support of the seat. There is a sort of stillness. They make small gestures. They inhabit their seats, their bodies. They move with everyday ease in their bodies. They communicate with one another, to the observer, to me.

They move in and out of gestures, of conversations. They sometimes mirror one another's movements as a sign of empathy, of understanding. Whilst listening, some bodies are still, others move continuously. I construct narratives in my mind. What is their relationships to one another? Are they family, are they lovers, are they strangers. Sometimes, yet rarely, there is touch, there is affection. Is the lack of touch because they are in public or is it cultural, or both? Maybe it's just today's mood or that the seating structure doesn't allow for such gestures. Nevertheless it creates a narrative for me, sends me information.

Subconsciously some of the groups coordinate their movements; postures and gestures are repeated, are mirrored. Two women converse, one moves her right hand to her mouth, the other mirrors with her left. There is a symmetry between the ladies. The movements happen in a close unison or a tight cannon. They are not choreographed or rehearsed yet they seems perfectly timed.

Each person moves in her own timing, in her own body. Yet when she is in a group her timing is affected by the other(s). She pauses or alters a little when she is not speaking. The animation of her gesture slows down and sometimes stops. Nevertheless we see her, she communicates in her stillness. Is she listening, is she dreaming, is she waiting to respond?

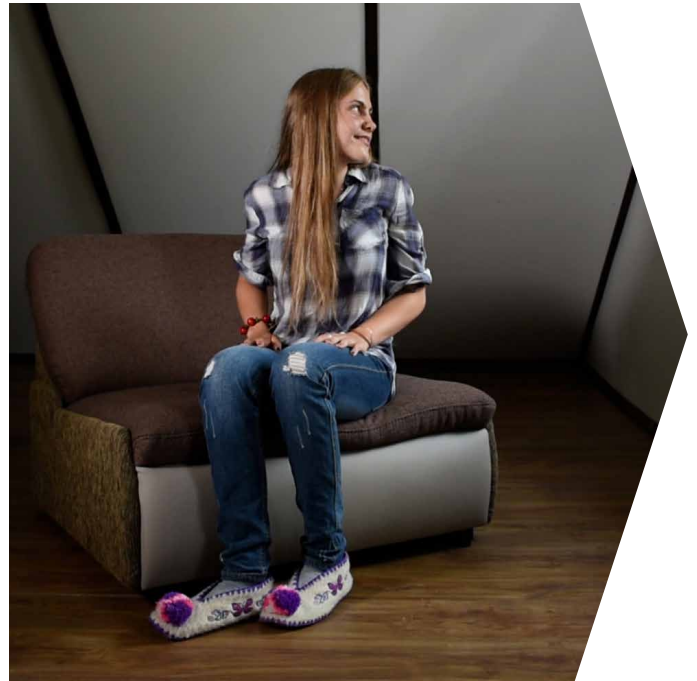
I begin to notice gestures that occur over and over again. Regardless of the age, the sex or the

form of the person doing the action, the underlying intention or internal logic seems to be the same. While the gestures are the same or similar, they communicate differently, each person unique in her movements.

When all these people are grouped together;  
I see unison, cannon, repetition.  
I see symmetry. I see the  
individual and the collective  
beauty. When in unison, I  
see the group move as one.  
They move as a unit. They  
share a common rhythm,  
a sixth sense of belonging.

Groups moving together,  
for example a shoal of fish,  
a flock of birds or a herd of  
cows communicate as one unit.  
The murmurations of starlings  
connect the birds together as they  
twist and turn, change direction  
and whirl in ever changing patterns.  
They keep a sense of symmetry whilst  
working as a group on aerodynamics.

Together they form natural patterns  
however sometimes we see one move  
apart from the group. The pattern is  
interrupted, the unison is broken.  
I see the individual. Is her timing  
out of synchronicity? Is she  
wrong? Maybe she is the  
rebel, the one who breaks  
free from the tradition,  
the rule, the unison.





# To find

*Ikran Abdille*

Touch my hand and look into my eyes  
A beautiful sight  
Cheek to cheek  
Face to face  
Brown eyes soft lips  
I trace your face accordingly  
Fingers intertwine, we are now one  
Yesterday I was apart from you  
Today I am with you  
You lost me but I found you  
To find what you are searching for you must lose me  
I can bring you joy and sadness  
I am with you but far away  
You will always find me looking back at you  
Mirror to mirror  
What am I ?







# A manifesto for an everyday dance.

*Gemma Riggs*

Do sit down, take a seat. And as you sit, perhaps you'll glance behind you and gently brush the chair before you slowly ease your way down, twisting sideways into position. The sensation of velvet fabric on your palm ripples in you as you draw your head up to look forward. As you settle into yourself. These micro-memories lingering as you cross your left leg over your right knee.

Then, perhaps, you'll tuck your hair behind your ear with a slowness that only happens when in pain or deep in thought.

This is the prologue of our story. Our story of the minutiae of our quotidian actions that speak our inner lives. A story of inside and outside.

And something happened then, when you and he glanced at the floor simultaneously. The world shook, the drama played. A moment of synchrony. A moment of symphony.

We'll rest here for a little while, in this realm of exquisite detail, of here-ness. A world so spacious it allows tremors of now-ness to be felt with climactic force.

Let's delve ourselves into this ocean where we take off our well-brushed overcoats, our exteriors and guises that carry us through the grand trajectory of our lives. Where explanations become muffled reverberations operating in an incompatible timecode. And linger here a little.

Here's to the small gesture, a flicker of bodily stirring.

Here's to the pocket of silence that is ruptured by the creek of your chair as you



lean backwards. The raising of your left palm towards your jaw and the tilting of your head towards the sky.

Here's to us hijacking our daily pre-occupations; our comings and goings and fleings and returnings; to gracing them with a touch that reveals all our intricacies that lie gently beneath the rush of our routines, and determined trajectories.

Here's to the quiet space that allows us to see glimmers of each other's real selves.

Here's to us all being dancers, in every moment, in every day.





# TU įkvepi mane | You Move Me

*Benedikta McSharry*

Aš atveriu savo akis ir matau tik TAVE!!!!  
TU esi vandenyno didumo. Aš regiu,  
kaip saulėtekis atspindi TAVO  
veide. Grožis TAVO veide akina  
mane! Kiekvieną kartą, kai pažiūriu  
į TAVE, mano širdis prisipildo  
gilia nuostaba. Aš mačiau TAVE  
jau daug kartų, bet jaučiu, kad  
šįsyk matau TAVE patį pirmąjį  
kartą. Aš niekada nemačiau  
nieko gražesnio už TAVE  
!!!! Atstume tarp Tavęs ir  
manęs noriu pasodinti  
vyšnės medį, kuris pilnai  
pražydės ir žydės iki  
laiko pabaigos ir dar  
ilgiau.

Salomėja Nėris savo  
eilėraštyje “Kaip žydėjimas  
vyšnios” ragina mus  
susilieti į mes ir mūsų vietoj  
Tavęs ir manęs

Mūsų dienos — kaip šventė,  
Kaip žydėjimas vyšnios, —  
Tai skubėkim gyventi,

I open my eyes and all I can see is YOU!!!!  
You are as big as an ocean. I see sunrise is  
reflecting on your face. How beautiful you  
are! Every time I look at you my heart fills  
with wonder. I’ve seen you many times, but  
now I see you for the first time ever. I’ve  
never seen anything more beautiful than  
You!!!! In the gap between You and me I  
want to grow a cherry tree with a perfect  
blossom that would continue till the end of  
time and after.

In “The Last Samurai”, Katsumoto sought  
the perfect cherry blossom. It was only at his  
dying, as he looked up at the cherry blossoms  
above him that he said, “Perfect. They are all  
perfect.” That is what I want to see in the  
gap between You and me.  
You move me.

May I ask – who are YOU? Who are YOU  
really? I see YOU, I hear YOU, I can touch  
YOU, but who are YOU?

Somebody said IF IT MOVES YOU, IT  
HAS a MEANING. YOU move ME. YOU  
have a meaning!!!

What do YOU mean by YOU?



Nes prabėgs — nebegrįš jos!	What is the distance between YOU and Me? How far are YOU from ME?
Tai skubėkime džiaugtis! —	Are YOU inside of ME? Are YOU outside
Vai, prabėgs — nebegrįš jos!	of ME? Are YOU Me?
Mūsų dienos — kaip paukščiai,	Where are You? Where are YOU going?
Kaip žydėjimas vyšnios.	Where will I see YOU again?
TU įkvėpi mane.	How deep is the gap between YOU and ME? What colour shall we use to fill this gap?
	Is it a gap or a mountain between YOU and ME?
	How high is the mountain between YOU and ME? Shall I start moving towards You?
	Do YOU want to move towards me?
	YOU move ME...
	I want to be YOU... Do YOU want to be me? Can YOU be Me? YOU move Me...
	I see ME in YOU... I see YOU in me... YOU and ME are ONE
	I am moved by You!
	YOU move Me



# Biographies:

## *Writers:*

### Mary Paterson

Mary Paterson is a writer, artist and producer who works across performance, text and visual art. Along with Maddy Costa and Diana Damian Martin, she runs Something Other and The Department of Feminist Conversations, two interrelated projects about performance, politics and collaboration.

### Susan Ryland

Susan Ryland is a practicing artist, researcher, lecturer and political activist. She creates site and event specific multimedia artworks that explore the interaction between text and visual language. Her research interest draws on cognitive linguistics to show how an understanding of thought mechanisms such as metaphor, metonymy and synecdoche enable us to interpret meaning both 'held within', and 'created by' processes, materials, objects, language and context in artworks.

### Jorina von Zimmermann

Jorina von Zimmermann has recently completed her PhD in Social Psychology at University College London where she is now a Research Associate in the department of Experimental Psychology. During her PhD, Jorina studied how synchronous behaviour in groups of people increases cohesion between them. In her research more generally, Jorina focuses on group cohesion, how it emerges and which positive and negative consequences it has for intragroup as well as intergroup relations.

## *Artists:*

### Laura Murphy

Laura Murphy works internationally as a choreographer, performer and teacher. Her work includes large scale community dance and site specific professional ensembles, video installations and live staged works. Laura's choreographic work has been shown in New York, Canada, Sweden, Romania, Iceland, China, U.K & Latvia; and at festivals such as the Biennale de Lyon, Reykjavik Dance Festival, Edinburgh Fringe, Dublin Dance Festival and Cork Midsummer Festival.

### Gemma Riggs

Gemma is a London-based artist who works across video, photography, installation and sound. Her work explores intensities of experience and the dialogue between the profound and the mundane, the internal and external. She has a strong collaborative practice and has produced new works with choreographers and performers including Cosmin Manolescu, Melanie Wilson and Laura Murphy.

### Melanie Wilson

Melanie Wilson is an award-winning, multi-disciplinary performance maker. Her work is founded on the contemporary interplay between sound art, experimental forms of composition, language and live performance, and is under-pinned by strong political interest. She collaborates with other artists to realise her ideas, across forms of film, video and choreography.

## *Performers:*

### Ikran Abdille

Ikran Abdille graduated from The University of Northampton in 2006 with a BA (Hons) in Fine Art. Abdille's work stems from an exploration of home and the importance of language.

### Benedikta Mcsharry

Born in 70-ies, in Lithuania, Soviet Union. The youngest out of three sisters. Very interested in religion - true religion, the unseen world- from very early age. A mother of three children. An out-there nomad. A freshly baked dramatherapist, shaman, spirituality teacher and a life and God lover.



# Credits and thanks:

You Move Me has been commissioned by NN Contemporary Art and has been supported using public funds from Arts Council England.



Supported using public funding by  
**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**

We are very grateful for the support given from the following organisations and their people:

Gabriela Tudor Foundation (Romania)

Žagarė Fringe Festival (Lithuania)

body>data>space (UK)

## Northampton performers:

Ikran Abdile  
Siobhan Auckland  
Steve Banks  
Merete Wells  
Clare Moss  
Victoria Whittaker

## Žagarė performers:

Brigita Mitrikaite  
Gabriele Mitrikaite  
Edmundas Vaičiulis  
Orinta Orlickienė  
Benedikta McSharry  
Židrija Janušaitė  
Rita Plekavičiute

## Special thanks to:

Catherine Hemelryk  
Matthew De Pulford  
Catherine Herbert  
Esther Collins  
Dimity Nicholls  
Židrija Janušaitė  
Ugnius Stenianskis,  
Jeremy Nicholls

Terry Perk  
Emma Braso  
Tim Godwin  
Jonathan Wright  
Cosmin Manolescu  
Stefania Ferchedau  
Ghislaine Boddington  
Sarah Mitrikė

Freddy Blackman  
Laura Farrell  
Danielle Macleod  
Louise Tyrrell  
Louise Clarke  
Valeria Medici  
Billy Hawes

Publication designed & typeset by Make & Mend – mkmd.co.uk

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ISBN: 978-1-9160961-0-3